









worse, always, regardless
bad, bad, bad, bad, bad

The year 2012

A billion per year was
more than it's worth a sell off









With the world
With the world
With the world
With the world
With the world

elevating from a steady low
we find ourselves right in the flow,
tickets ready for your show?
Because we all were born in the dark
makes us think we all are blind
'cause that way is hard to find'
leaves us almost blind - to find
left behind, a little mark
which was gloomy in the dark
a little mark i have in mind
a tiny room i want to find

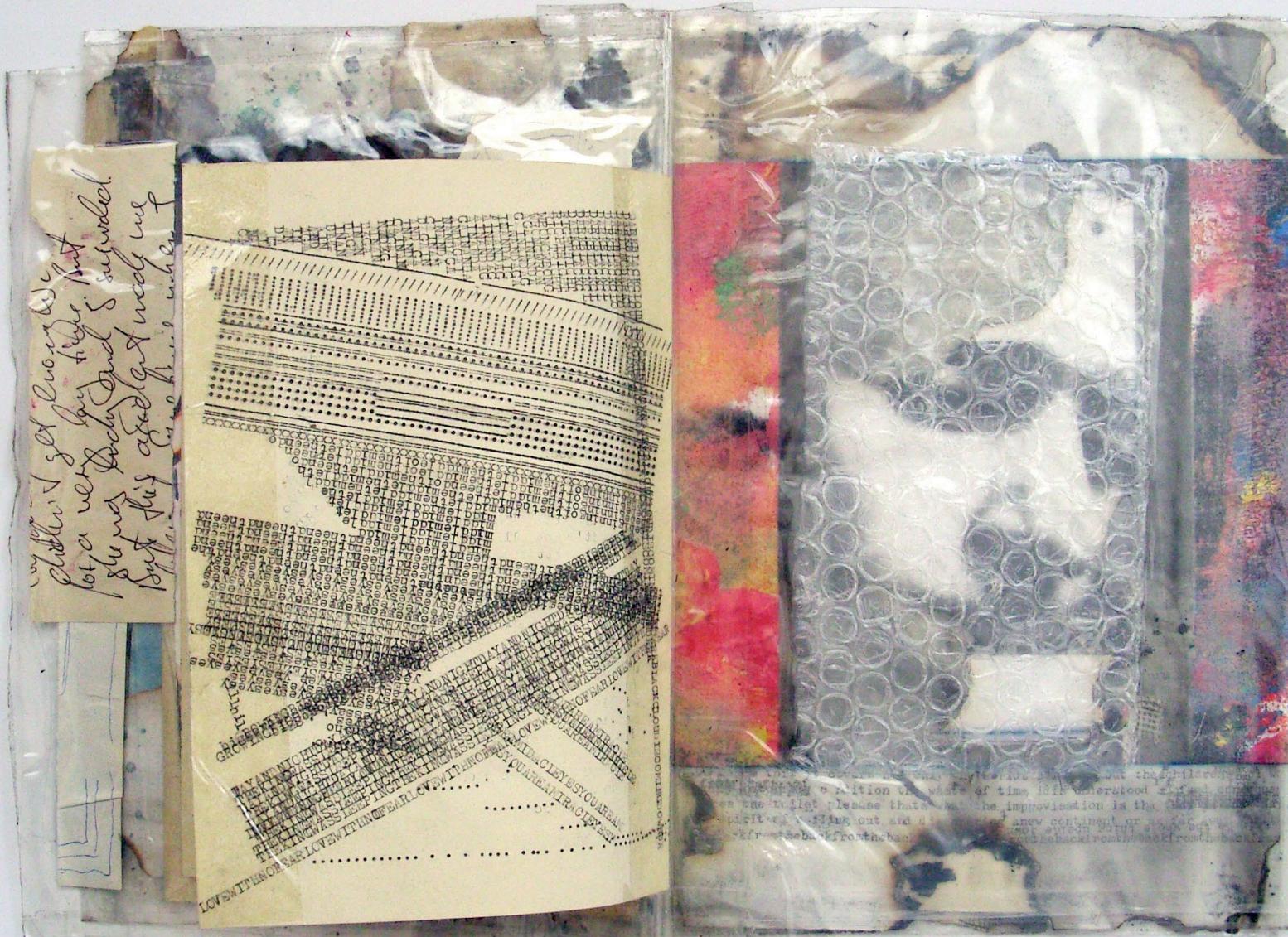
these smiling eyes are just a
mirror for the world inside
this world is just a better place
to hide

it's time to steal away
it's time to go the way
the ground beneath us start to crack
we've gone this far there's no way
back

we all go to a land of plenty where we are torn apart
with dreams and fears
and me and you

with now and then
and there and here
so much to see, so much to hear
but you alone decide
your favourite few
the rusty chains of this sweet prison
are chartered by the sun
the tournament has long begun...
i'm on the outside looking inside
what do i see?
much confusion
disillusion
all around me
my past is now my currency
though it's not all that's left of me
but strings attached are
meant to be
this land is now my battlefield
something inside my only shield
knowledge is a foolish friend
so

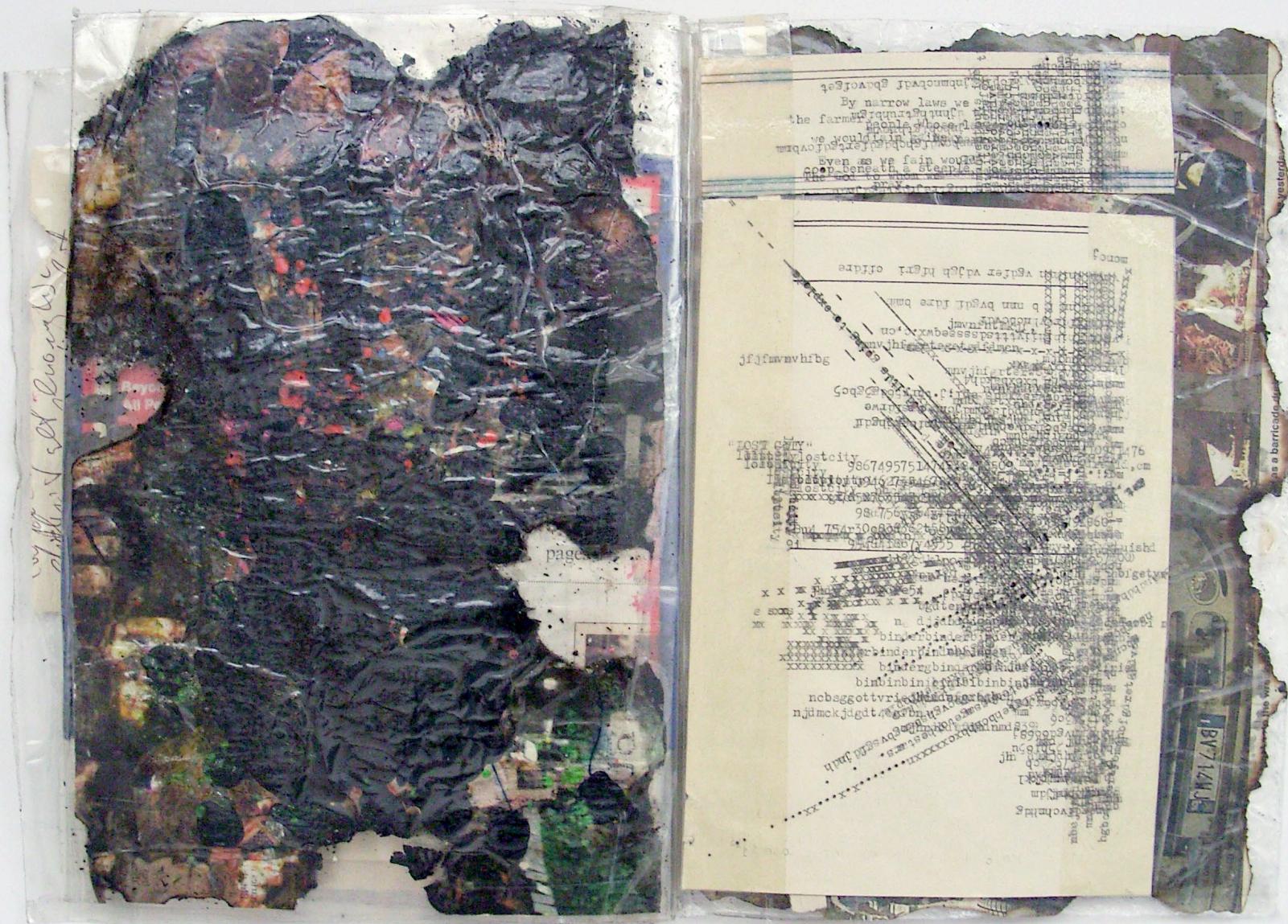
now this ledge is to amend:
that wisdom shall therefore
be my only friend
this blessing which precedes the
sacrifice
might soon as well turn into lies
surrounded by these dreadful cries
we walk with shadows upon
our minds
and pay the price





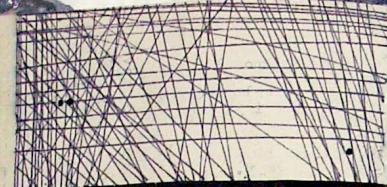






My life is old bluesy big

I am a one-man powerhouse
I am the sun of suns
there's going to be fun and
lots of laughter
it was a gruesome sight
the branches of the prison tree were bare
NOT TO LISTEN TO MY CONSCIENCE
MY WORD WAS SHATTERED
OVERWHELMED BY HER COMPASSION
A YEAR I HAD SPENT ON BAIL
don't count on me
I'll do it again
don't count on me
'cause I'm not listening
my past is now my currency
this land is now my battlefield
a playground that before
this is not meant to be
the seeds of time are lost in here
my lonely days are good
theservant of my consciousness
doing even better
my dreamy days are not meant to be
wanna touch your head
w underland de luxe
w underland pro
to run
cage bar confusing cushion crutch
EV IDENCE superlative adjective at all
emphasize curtains containers kettle
hug frying pansausage pan dustbintoaster
tapsinkplugslicerackCOFFE GRINDERamaze
replace swearLADDER unitytohangaround colloquial
asurchargegeopewaivepaGANachebackupsetfireplace
eggschell & up you me a flour to ok up to fire



A different drug



Ball collage
Lena La. Let

FOR SAMPLING AND COLLECTING

gas f. V

